



9,867,634,321	Tens of Millions.
987,634,321	Thousands of Millions.
87,634,321	Hundreds of Millions.
7,634,321	Tens of Millions.
634,321	Thousands.
54,321	Hundreds of Thousands.
5,432	Tens of Thousands.
543	Thousands.
54	Hundreds.
5	Tens.
	Units.

1 Units.
21 Tons.
321 Hundred.
521 Thousands.

10 Mills	1 Cent.
10 Cents	1 Dime.
10 Dimes	1 Dollar.
10 Dollars	1 Eagle.

} make {

Mills.	Cts.	Dms.	M ^{ts} .	F.
10	1	0	0	0
100	10	1	0	0
1000	100	10	1	0
10000	1000	100	10	1

Twice		4		6		8		10		12	
Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times	Times
2 18 4	2 18 8	2 18 12	2 18 16	2 18 20	2 18 24						
3 6	3 12	3 18	3 24	3 30	3 36						
4 8	4 16	4 24	4 32	4 40	4 48						
5 10	5 20	5 30	5 40	5 50	5 60						
6 12	6 24	6 36	6 48	6 60	6 72						
7 14	7 28	7 42	7 56	7 70	7 84						
8 16	8 32	8 48	8 64	8 80	8 96						
9 18	9 36	9 54	9 72	9 90	9 108						
10 20	10 40	10 60	10 80	10 100	10 120						
11 22	11 44	11 66	11 88	11 110	11 132						
12 24	12 48	12 72	12 96	12 120	12 144						

The above description of the Pen answers for all the different hands, except a cursive hand, and then varies only in one particular, namely, that the pen ought to be a little broader than the stroke it is to make. This secures its requiring a heavy pressure, unless it is fast looser, and write more like slant. It should be remembered as seldom as possible; for the pen newly cut always writes stiffly, and consequently slowly.

Ms 1677

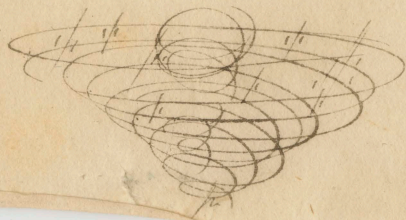
Ms C G

Emblem of innocence and love, a
 Like blooming roses fair,
 Virtuous as was the wife of Jove
 In whom all beauties are
 Riches of more than mortal kind
 Adorn your pure and perfect mind
 Sacred to truth shall be my chosen theme
 Pure in its course as streams and honest as the
 As small allowance of thy sought as lessons
 Let me be a scholar and I am truly blest
 Deep in my heart thy name shall find a place
 Inscribed by friends thy name for eye to dwell
 Nor trace nor distance shall it impress
 Go then my friend Elvira fare thee well

Maria Mculloch in the year of
 1794

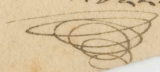
Religion blest! balm of the mind,
Hast thou a temple in my heart?
Oh deign to shed thy rays refined
Blithe over each power, — & say depart
Ye lying vanities.

Ere I shall from this World remove,
Do thou, — (what thou alone canst do),
Dispel Death's gloom, — show Jesus' love,
Ye cheating joys of time — Adieu. y



D. S. M. leaves, to her Friend. R. Collyer

Carton March 4th 1822.



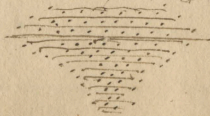
Easton

Dec

The Sheffield Printis

I was brot up in sheffield, not of a high degree;
My parents doted on me; they had no more but me.
I was in such pleasur; just where my fancy led;
Till I was bound a printis; then did my joy was fled.
I did not like my master; he did not use me well;
I form'd a resolution; not long with him to dwell.
Unknow to my poor parents; from him I ran away;
I steard my course to London; and curs'd be that day.
A handsome young lady; from holland being there;
She offer'd me greate wages; to serve her for one year;
I then with grate persuasion; with her I did agree;
To go to live in holan; which prove my destiny.
I had not been long in holan; past years to or three
Before my young mistress; grew verry fond of me;
She said her gold and silver; her house and her land;
If I did consent to marry her; should be at my command.
I said dear honored lady; I can't weed you both;
For I have lately promis'd; and made a solemn oath;
To wed with none but polly; your poverty chamber made
Excuse me my dear mistress; for she has my heart betray'd.
Then in an angry youmer; away from me she run;
Resolv'd to reveng on me; before that it tis long.

2 She beind so perplexed; She could not be my wife
That she would seek sum project; to take away my life
One day as we were walking; all in the gadding gay;
The flowers they wair springing; delightful and so gay;
A gold wiving from her finger; As I was passing by
She slipped in my pocket; and for that I must dy.
My mistress swore Trob'd her; and quickly was brought
Before a grave old justice; to answer for my fault.
Long time I pled quite innocent; but it was all in vain
The Swore so sore against me; that I was sent to gaol
Long time I pled quite innocent; but it was all in vain;
She swore so sore against me; that I was sent to
Tis now the last sinner; and drowning on a pace;
She presently the judge; will on ^{me} sentence pass
From the place of confinement; they brought me to the
O god reward my mistress; for she has ruin'd me
Tell you that stand around me; my reach'd fate to see
Don't glory in my downfall; I pray you pity me;
Believe that I am quite innocent; I bid the world adieu
Farewell my pretty polly; I dy for loving you.



Fairwell him new hampshire. ccccc
 On the death of miss polly Gould of the eight first
 verses personate the deceased. answer from her true love

Now she is dead and cannot stir;

Her cheeks are like the fading rose;
 Which of us next will follow her;
 The Lord almighty only knows;
 But this you know as well as I
 That we are born to die.

Cease my beloved to complain;
 Her soul is born of heavenly birth;
 The dust returns to dust again;
 Her voice is heard no more on earth;
 But her immortal soul is gone;
 To put eternal glory on

Remember this ye morning friends;
 Your loss is her eternal gain;
 With her all sin and sorrow ends;
 Then cease to murmur or complain;
 Her wearied soul is gone to rest;
 When sin and Satan can't molest.

4
The great creator wise and true;
Has an undoubted right to reign;
He made and lent her unto you;
Till he should call for her again;
He hath a right to take his own;
O praise him for his blessed loan.

She was a blessing here below;
A lovely kind and pleasant;
Her soul freed from sin and woe;
Will serve its maker undefiled;
Her sleeping dust shall rest in peace
Till sun and moon their courses cease

How sweet and pleasant was the sound;
That trill upon her mortal tongue;
Now she is gone where joy abounds;
And songs of nobler are sung;
Where peace and love and concord reign;
And Christ the Judge his soul maintains;

Rejoice ye mourners here below;
That she is gone to worlds above;
Yet move your lips in panting so

For she was worthy of your love;
 Rejoice with grief and mourn with joy;
 Who solemn tho your minds employ.

Who can discern the joys of heaven;
 Or comprehend the lord of hosts;
 May honor might and praise be given;
 To father son and holy ghost;
 All glory to the one in three;
 And three in one eternally. Amen

the girl I left behind me
 I am lonesome since I crost the hills,
 And o'er the moor that sedgy,
 Such heavy thoughts my mind doth fill,
 Since parting from my Sally,
 In search for one that fine and gay,
 And several doth remind me,
 O'er't be the hour I past away,
 With the girl I left behind me.
 The hour I do remember well,
 When constancy remains me,
 Again within my breast I felt,
 When first she own'd she loved me,
 But now I'm bound to brighton camp,
 O kind heaven then pray guide me

And send me back soft home again,
To the girl I left behind me.

I turn my lays to sing her praise,
And I the tongue of Homer,
With compliments most elegant,
I recompence my lover,
So let the night be ever so dark,
Or ever so wet or windy,
I will return soft back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets were,
Her eyes like diamonds shinning,
Her slender waist her charriage shadie,
She left the Swan repining;
O ye gods above pray hear my prayer,
The beauteous fair who binds me,
And send me soft back home again,
To the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall lavish make no stone,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling water cease to roar,
Whene'er I mean to change her,
If ever I return that way,
And she has not behind me,
I'll reconcile my self and stay,
With the girl I left behind me.

Dear jimmy and nancy

then said the father tis man

oft as though I have no soul
Speaks the separation
Let each one ask himself on I
Prepared should I be called to die.

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone
And plunged into a world unknown.

Then leaving all good below
To god's tribunal I must go
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate
And fix my everlasting State.

But could I bear to hear him say
Depart accursed fair away
Shalt Satan in the lowest hell
Thou art forever doomed to dwell.

Lone yes as helps me now to thee
And seek my hope alone in thee
Apply thy good thy spirit give
Subdue my sin and let me live.

Then when the solemn bell I hear
If saved from guilt I need not fear
Nor would the thought distressing be
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

And send me back soft home again,
 That first I left behind me.

And long
 Glad when it sing her praise,
 Secure of heaven if you are mine
 And when our days are past
 And we from time remove
 I may rest in thy bosom rest
 The bosom of thy love

Exhortation to Prayer

What various hidden rances we meet
 In coming to a merry seat
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there
 Prayer makes the dark and cloud withdraw
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw
 Gives exercise to faith and love
 Brings every blessing from above.
 Restraining prayer we cease to fight
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright
 And Satan trembles when we seek
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
 Have you no words? Ah! think again
 Words flow apace when you complain
 And fill your sorrow creatures ear
 With the sad tale of all your care
 Where half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent
 Your cheerful song would oft ner be
 Hear what the Lord has done for me

See Jimmy and Nancy
Then said the father tis my a tive
Still though I have no more daughter but the
If with him you resolve for to marry,
Banish'd forever from me you shall be.

When cruel father but still I desire,
Grant me that Jimmy once more I may see.
Though you do part us I still will be loyal,
For none in the world I admire but he,
For his father he said in passion,
Haring now Sir in hast take your leave;
I have a much mor fit for my daughter than,
Therefore it tis but a folly to grieve.

Good father said the young lady;
Gramistid we are by the powers a love;
Why of all comfort will you bereave me;
My love is fix'd never more to part.

Then said the father a trip to the ocean;
 you shal go in a ship of my own;
 And then I'll consent you shal have my d[oughter]
 When in to yarmouth agane you return

However Sir then said the two lovers;
 Since tis your will wee are bound to obey
 Our constant hearts can never be parted;
 But our eager desire som longer must stay

Then beautiful nancy she said dearest j[ohn]
 Hear take this ring the pledgy of our vows;
 As for my heart keep it safe and secure;
 Carry it with you wherever you go;

Then in his arms he did closely in fold her
 While crystal tears like a fountain did flow;
 Crying my heart in return I do give you;
 And you shal be present where ever I go.

When on the ocean my dear I am sailing
 The thought of my jewel the compass will steer
 These tidings long days swiftly time will de-
 And bring me home safe to my sweet dear

11
Therefore be constant my dearest jewel;
Fion by the heavens if you are untrue;
My troubled^{ed} ghost shall torment you;
Dead or a live I will have my due;

Her ivory arms around his neck she threw;
Remember my dear when you are on the sea;
If that the fate of us should prove cruel;
Then we each other no more ever see.

No man alive shall ever injure me;
Soon as the tidings of death I shall hear;
Then like a poor unfortunate lover;
Down to the grave I shall follow my dear.

Then with a sorrowful sigh he departed;
The wind ^{next} morning blew a pleasant gale;
All things bended near the merry gale;
One far barbed the straight way did sail.

Her cruel parente did plot all the while;
Jimmy was floating upon the wide ocean;
How the heart of their beautiful daughter
With curcid gold they should strive to begile

Many a lord of birth and high breeding
 Came for to court this beautiful maid;
 But there rich presents and favours she slight
 Constant I'll be to my jewel she said;

Now for a while we will leave this fair maid
 And tell how things with her lover did go;
 In fair barbados the ship safe arrives;
 But now pray observe this fatal over through

Young jimia was comly in evry feather;
 A barbados lady whose fortune was grate;
 First fix'd her eyes there long; I have no
 This brave bright sailor I dy for his sake;
 She dress'd her self in a galant attire;

and with costly diamonds she plac'd her self
 A hundred choice slaves to wait on her then
 And sent for this young man to attend her

Come noble sailors Can you fancy;
 A lady whose riches are verry grate;
 A hundred fine slaves you shal have to attend
 And musick for pleasur we always will keep

A costly jewel she instant gave him;
 Then in her trembling hand she took a
 One fatal stroke before he could save her,
 Quicly did put an end to her life.

Great lamentation was made for this
 Jimmy on board of the ship he did steer;
 And quickly homewards for Britain saild
 With longing desire to meet with his dear

But when his father heard he was return
 A letter he wrote to the boatsman his friend
 Saying a handsome reward I will give you
 If you will put the life of young Jimmy

Out of all grace and forsake of the money
 The cruel boatsman the same did complete
 As they on deck were slowly walking

He suddenly tumbled him in to the

In dead of the night when all were asleep

This troubled ghost to his love did appear

Smiling arise young beautiful creature;

Perform now the vow you have made to your

15
You are my own there gone tarry no longer;
Seven years for your sake did I stay;
He and I did wait to crown us with glory;
The bride groom is ready then ⁱⁿ hason come away.

She cry'd who is that under my window;
Thurs it tis ^{the} voice of my dear; (pilled)
She lifted her head from her soft down;
Straight to the chasment she then did repair;

By light of the moon which bright was shone
She then aspid; her true love who to her did say;
Youn parents are asleaping before they awake;
Come my dear breaster you must come away.

I jimmy she cry'd if my father should hear the;
He should be ruin'd there for repair;
To the sea side where I instantly will meet you;
With my tow maidens I'd come to you there.

Her night gown embroidered with goale;
Perkely around her body she threw;
With her to maidens to meet her suiter;
To meet with her dear she instant goes.

14
Lost in his arms did the spirit infold her;
Firmly she said you are colder than clay;
Shure you never can be the man I did admire
Paler than death you appear'd unto me.

O yes forest creature I am your true lover;
Dead or alive you now you are mine;
I am come for my vow my dear must follow
My body now lies in a watry tomb.

For your sake refused going and said;
Beauty and riches for you I despise;
A most charming lady for me she expired;
For thinking on you I was deaf to her cries.

Your cruel pance have ben my undoing;
And now I do sleep in a watry grave;
Now for my promise my dear I am coming
Dead or alive tis you I must have.

The trembling lady was sorely affrighted
Amaized she stood near the brink of the deep
With her eyes lifted to heaven she cry'd cruel
Heaven will reward you for your cruelty.

17

In dead I have promise'd my dearest creation
Dead or alive I will be thy own;
And to perform my vow I am ready;
The maiden they bear lamented alone.

But the apparition in dead could not see;
Thinking their lady was going distracted;
Then strove to persuade her contented to be;
But still she cry'd my dear I am coming.

Now in thy arms I'll soon fall asleep;
When she had spoke this beautiful lady;
Suddenly plunged her self in to the deep
But when to her father the maides ^{story} told the.

He rung his hands crying what have I done;
Oh dear est child it was thy cruel father;
Who did prove thee that watry tomb;
Two or three days there been expir'd.

These two unfortunate lovers were seen;
Each others arms on the watry main;
On the side of the Ship a floating; (longer
The cruel boatsman he was struck with

Straight did confess the deal he had done
 Shewing the letter which come from her father

Which was the case of these lovers sad doom
 On board of the ship he was tried for the ^{crime} ~~same~~

And at the guerd arm was hanged for the ^{crime} ~~same~~

The faith he soon broke his heart for ^{dear} ~~the~~

Before that the ship into harbor she come

This cursed gold has caused distraction;

Why should the rich covet still of the

I hope that this story will be a warning

That other parents will never do the same

True love is better than jewels of true gold

Riches can never by true love I know
 So why do you prize riches so ^{I mean} ~~the~~

But this young couple they loved out

Love was the caision of their overthrow

Rhoby Eddy of Easton her Book

Written in the year 1826

William and Susan
 A seaman of plymouth Sweet William;
 A young beautiful Susan he courted
 At length he obtained his love and good will;
 And likewise her father admired him still,
 Her mother was likewise as well satisfied;
 The day was appointed the not should be tied
 All friends were invited and then by the way,
 Sweet Susan she sickened and languishing lay.
 They tried their utmost endeavors to raise her ^{again}
 By learned physician whose skill was in vain;
 A week she continued Sweet William did grieve
 Recurs of his love he must needs take his leave
 As being commanded to sail next wind
 Then leaving his sorrowfull jewel behind
 He said we will be married when I come ^{home} again
 Thou by good fortune alive shall return
 As long as I live I will be true to my love
 And Susan I hope you as constant will prove
 Ever doubt it sweet William my jewel ^{she} enough
 There is none in this world shal enjoy but ^{the}
 Tribute of tears at parting they parted

Sweet william the mother the languishe
 And likewise the father was grieved to the heart
 yet nevertheless a time they must part
 away to the ocean Sweet william was gone
 Where we will now leave and show
 How base and deceitfull her parents did prove
 When counsell there like to be fols to have
 how when this damsel had languishing laid
 Near five or six month she recovered againe
 Whose beauty was brighter than ever before
 So that there was many her charms did admire
 All did account her that came to her vineyard
 Her fame through the neighborhood villages flame
 To be the most beautifulls creator on earth
 Altho but a fisherman daughter by birth
 So that she was courted by none of the worst
 A wealthy young farmer came to her first
 Then says she begone I'm another mans wife
 By secretes vows in the presents of god
 And if I an false let his heavenly rod
 Of sharpest connection my punishment be
 And therefore begone from my presents
 Then come a young Squair and call her his dear
 And said he set her two hundred a year

21
upon her if that she would ^{be} his sweet bride
cannot I dar not you must be denyd
then unto her father and mother he went
then having scourged his nobel intent
they being ambitious of honor and gain
they strove to perswaide her but all in vain
Dear parents said she observe what I say
In things that is lawfull I ought to obey
But would you have me perswaded for god
I dare not submit to the truth I will hold
they found it was but a folly to strive
so long as she knowing that her love was a live
bring to her mind no other but he
therefore the young squire and they did agree
to send the young beautiful creature away
along with a lady to holland and they
told her love at his return she was dead
so that he some other young damsel might wed
then would it be lawfull to marry the squire
who did her beautiful peates adore
this was contrivance to holland she went
poor creature new not there crafty intent
But the some her parents must need have it so
in point of obedience she yealed to go

no When now we will leave you to treat of her love.
When love has been gone from her a year and above.
In Williams long voyage they came to a place
Where he had been out a verry short space.
The fortune did fancy him so that he bought
A bargain worth hundred and thousand tis thought
So loaded with riches he came to the shore
Said he my dear Jewell whom I do adore
I will go and visit her before that I sleep
My heart has been many times ben laged in her
Now when he to her house of her parente came
He calld for his Susan his Susan by name
But there her dear mother did make this reply
Tis long since my daughter did languish and die
His heart at these tidings was redy to brake
Some minent had not power to speak
At length with a flood of sad tears he replied
Farewell to the pleasuer and joy of my life
My sorrow are more than I am able to bear
As Susan departed Sweet Susan the fare
Then none in this world I marry but she
Is laid in the grave that is worthy of me
There presents he quited with watery eyes

And went to his father and mother likewise
 his own loving parents and with them he left
 his wealth because he of his love was bereft
 and I am for to travel again
 Perhaps it may were of my sorrow and pain

Take of my riches his treasures unkind
 For if I return not all shall be your own

But if I should return once more
 make it now great debt but the same you will return
 (For)

By that I will soon the father repay 11 00

For for this long voyage he then did provide 41 00

He entered on board and away they did steer 51 00

The seas they were calm did the elements clear 91 00

At first but at last a sad storm did arise

Black clouds they did cover and blacken the skies

The seas they did foam and the winds they did roar

At length being driven to the hollows shore

The ship was so torn and shattered and broken

By on their voyage they could not proceed

As whilst we lay up our good ship to repair

William went on harbor and walked near and there

As he was walking the street

His beautiful Susan he chanced to meet

He started as soon as her face beheld

With wonder and joy he was instantly filed
Oh tell me said he ye best powers above
Do my eyes deceive me or is this my love
They say she has been beauried tow month all most
This is my dear or her beaulifull ghost
Then strate the name to her and found it was she
Then none in this world was so happy as he
My dear says william nay why dost thou morn
What dungs brought the so fare from thy home
The story she told him with a watry eye
Concerning the farmer and Sgair likewise
They corte me long but I still said they may
And therefore my parents they sent me away
To wate on a lady with whome I am now
Because I refuse to be fals to my vow
She preasently told of all his affairs
This riches his troubles his sorrows and care
And how he was a going a voig to take
He did not know wheather and all for her Sa
But when we ware sailing the wether grew f
The winds they did roar and the billow like

nevertheless on the turbulent sea
 the waves they were ^{and} kindly conveyed me to the
 shore unto the lady and give her to know
 how shall not serve her any longer but go
 with me to fair plimoth where thou shall be seen
 as gay as a bell or beautifed as a queen
 they made great dispeack and soon brought away
 the seas were calm and the winds did obey
 in a short time to fair plimouth they came
 and now he was chearly, for changing her name
 he told his father and mother that there
 by fortune he had met with his dear
 and therefore prepare for the wedding said he
 her father and mother invited shall bee
 then unto her parents he hastied at last
 then the height of his sorrow was past
 or since you say Susan your daughter is dead
 have found a damsel with whome I will wed
 therefore came to bring you the news
 hope that one favor you will not refuse
 honor me with your presents I pray
 and come to my wedding to morrow is the day
 they promised to come and were pleased to the heart

22
so think how bravely they had acted their part
Now says the mother I have my desire
We will call home our daughter to marry the squire
The very next morning sweet Susan was dressed
In sumptuous apparel more gay than the rest
The riches of silk that the world could afford
Embroidered with gold which was sent from
On board with diamonds and jewels her
Dress did shine for beauty she seemed like
Something divine scarce ever was a mortal
More glorious and greater; and like wise her
Modesty suited her state now when with the
Bride down to dinner they sat her parents
And friends who were happily met this
Stately apparel did alter her so that her
Mother her face did not know

A gentleman called A
damant of Pate. 1820

Decended from parents of slender stature
Yet powerfull fancy had made him adore

27
her beautiful charms though her fortune was poor
but when at the first he made suit to this maid
with the modest behaviour she answered and said
in yore their are lasses tis very well known
whose plentiful fortune may equal your own
then why should you set your fancy so low
young gentlemen marry for riches we know
therefore I intrete you kind sir to forbear
the heart of an innocence loafs to enslave
My dearest Lucretia her lover replied
you are but willing to be my sweet bride
I love you forever I value not gold
you shall have as much as your apron can hold
I indise I'll pillage to deck the my dear
transparent jewel my love shall appear
the flowers at beautiful goddess of love
while constant ill prove by the powers above
when by experience she plainly did see
that he was as loyal as loyal might be
had know more power the least to denie
his modest request but did quickly comply
his joy was so great having gained her consent
at straightway to her he did represent

A locket and chain with a rich diamond ring
 And all his whole treasure to her he did bring
 There is five hundred guineas I'll leave to mine
 My dear I will sail to the island of Spain
 And if ever I live to return to the Shore
 I hope I shall bring her home twice as much
 For she is the jewel and joy of my heart
 Altho we are obliged for a season to part
 Yet we will be married in triumph and state
 When once I return to my amorous mate
 Now I am ready to enter on board
 Thin heaven is pleas this day to afford
 A sweet pleasant gale with the sea calm and clear
 Therefore I must now bid adieu to my dear
 The tears in abundance did flow from her eyes
 At the place of parting and there were her cries
 My sorrow and trouble this day are so great
 That the same I am not able fort to relate
 Great was her trouble yet nevertheless
 Though she did his gold and his silver possess
 In his long rige she changed her mind
 As you will by the Second part quickly find
 While her loyal lover was sailing the seas
 He left her with her parents pleasure and ease

ssing all what heart could desire
 ch jewel gold silver and sumptuous attire
 he fame of her beauty was spread far and near
 that a young Squaire did happen to hear
 the tidings and the reform immediately came
 to court this young fairest Lucetia by name
 with modest behavior made this reply
 for what you request I must fairly deny
 for I am engaged already to Love
 and therefore dishonest I never will prove
 young Squaire consulted but your reasons I per-
 suppose I should grant your desire this day
 and unto my love prove false and untrue
 how can you think I will prove constant to you
 your arguments fairest Lucetia are grate-
 ful I must acknowledge so heard as my fate
 cannot withstand your invincible charms
 at the true decree I shall die in your arms
 he flew from his presents and told him indeed
 it were but a folly for him to proceed
 then fore her to parents the Squaire went
 saying by that means to gain her consent
 when he had given them to understand
 that he would endow her with plenty of land
 they were to such covetous humors inclined

They strate they resolved she should alter her mind
Her mother began for to intredt with her first
Quickly replyd can I be so unjust
No riches nor honor atonement can make
For which I love shall willingly break
It is but a folly to answer me no
I tell you dear daughter it must be so
I never will see you hencefore for a while
Nor while I have breath will I be reconciled
In point of obedience at length she complies
While down her fair cheeks from her watry eyes
Soft trinchling tears in abundance she sends
For wrouing their conscience to please her friends
The day was appointed and married they were
But justice which then could no longer forbear
Did strike her dear with death before night
Which put all her friends in a sorrowfull pain
In state of the triumph her and state of a bride
Their costly apparel was soon laid aside
And she all in sadness did weeping appear
As if she was mourning for the loss of her dear
No sanner ware the wedding ore and past
But the merchant her love returning at last
Full furnished with riches and wealth to the shore

forcing to see his Lucetia once more
 She was the jewel and joy of his heart
 height of perfection in every part
 whome he had plac'd all his treasure on earth
 pleas'd him to think of the triumph on mirth
 he would be now did right happily meet
 the tender embraces and kisses most sweet
 and therefore without any longer delay
 her he resolv'd to hasten away

the riches of jewels the world afford
 diamonds and rubies he fetch'd from on board
 that he might present them in love to his dear
 little mistrusting what news he should hear
 when unto her father he hasten'd that night
 baling for his jewel his joy and delight
 so seem'd as shy when he enter'd the door
 if he had never whel'd him before
 here is my Lucetia dear father I pray
 answers him straight She is married away
 to a rich Squair Six miles out of town
 and lives like a lady of fame and renown
 the tidings you tell me how can I believe
 when she was too true and kind to deceive
 her love and marry another I know
 pray tell me the truth for it cannot be so
 if you will not believe me her father replies
 the truth of her marriage may be publicly try'd

It being to one of five hundred a year
And therefore her presents you must not count
Whatever beeheme I will see her again
And as for the Squair his pride I disdain
The point of my sword shall the quarrel decide
For now I am ruind I am ruind he cried
Then unto the house of the Squair he fled
Declaring that one of us tow must be staine
Before I will put up my wepen again
Then unto the garding they hasted to try
Whose fortune it was in this quarrel to die
Where the ranged meachant his valour did prove
And slew the young Squair in site of his love
The merchant beholding the deed he had done
In a passion strait to young lady he runne
And there on the point of his raptiers he fell
And bid the world and Lucretia farewell
The friter young lady fell draight in a stroke
And altho her maidens raised her from the groun
In languishing sorrow she still did remain
And could not be brought to her senses again

R HOB Y EDDY

A Cure for Love 33

Take a grain of Sense half a grain of Prudence
a dram of understanding one ounce of Patience a pound
of Resolution and an handful of Dislike; inter-mix
them all together, and fold them up in the alembic
of your brain for twenty four hours; then let them
on a slow fire of hatred and strain them clean from
the dregs of melancholy Sweetening them with
forgetfulness; then put them in the bottle of your
heart stopping them down with the cork of sound
Judgment then let them stand fourteen days in the water
of cold Affection; this rightly made and properly
applied is the most effectual remedy in the universe
and was never known to fail. B. C.
You may have the ingredients at the house of
Understanding in Constant Street by up the hill
of Self denial at the town of forgetfulness
in the County of love no more.

An A Lastic

Ah thou fair maid will thou not pity me
 By Cupid's darts I'm wounded and by thee
 I pine and languish and endure the smart
 Give me but ease forbin thou hast my heart
 And if relentless still thou hearest my moan
 I'll seek for refuge near the torrid Zone
 Love then I'll wander, none shall hear my moan
 Kindly their I'll meet my rigid fate
 I'll lay me down and dye all for thy sake
 Rather would I live if with the best
 Think kindly hear me or I am forever lost.

Many a sweet hour we have spent together
 And forget them shall I never
 Revoke for the one friendly tear
 Yet my love for thee is most sincere
 And it grieves me to the heart
 Love to think that we must part
 Loving girl do not forget me
 One so far parted we may be
 No no I will assure I shall not thee

Let not my friend though now a wife

Bid all her cares adieu. Comfort their ^{and} in married life
 And there are crosses too, I do not wish to mor your mirth
 With an ungainful sound But know that perfect bliss on
 No mortal ever found; your prospects and your ^{grate} hopes are
 May god those hopes fulfil: yet you well find in every state
 Some difficulty still. The rites wick lately gained your hand
 Cannot ensure content; Religion forms the strongest band
 And lov the last cement: But yet gods daily blessing crave
 Nor trust your youthful heart: you must divine ^{ce have} assistance
 To reach a prudent port. Tho you have left a parents wing;
 Still longer ask its care: It is but seldom husbands brings
 A lighter yoke to ware. They have their humors and their ^{faults}
 So mutable is man: Excuse his foibles in your thoughts
 And hide them if you can. et anger or resentment keep,
 Whatever is amiss: Be reconcil'd before you
 Sleep; and seal it with a kiss.

The Maidens Choice

If ever I'm doom'd the Marriage Bands to wear,
 Kind heaven propitious hear a virgins pray,
 May the best man I'm destined to obey,
 Still kindly govern by his gentle sway.

May his good sense improve my better thoughts,
 May his good nature smile on all my faults,
 May he take vice to be his mortal foe,
 May every virtue his best friendships know.
 Still let me find possest of that dear youth,
 The best of manners and sincerest truth,
 Unblemish'd be his honour and his fame,
 And let his actions merit his good name.
 I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
 For troubles on the wealthy wait,
 Be this my fate if ever I'm made a wife,
 Or keep me happy in a single life.

A Curious Love Letter. Madam.

Most worthy of estimation, After a long deliberation
 And much consideration, Of the grate reputation,
 You possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination
 To become your relation, On your approbation,
 Of this declaration, I shall make preparation,
 To remove my situation, To a more convenient situation
 Possess my admiration, And of such oblation,
 Is worthy of observation, And can obtain commiseration
 It would be an aggrandisement, Beyond all
 Calculation, Of the joy and exultation.

Sir. I peruse your oration, With much deliberation
And a little consternation, At the infatuation
Of your weak imagination, To show such veneration
On so slight a foundation, But after examination,
And serious contemplation, I suppose your animation,
Was the fruit of recreation, Or had sprung from ostentation
To display your education, By an odd enumeration,
Or rather multiplication of words of the same termination
Though of great variation, In each respective signification
You without disputation, Your labours application,
To so tedious an occupation, Deserves commendation,
And thinking imitation, A sufficient gratification,
I am without hesitation, yours &c &c &c &c &c

~~What is the blooming tincture of the skin~~

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within;
What is the bright sparkling of the finest eyes;
To the soft soothing of a calm reply;
Can combine of form! or shape or air,
With combine of words, or deeds compare;
So those at first the wary heart may gain,
But those these only can the heart retain.

~~What is the blooming tincture of the skin~~ Amen

23
O your mans Song

Come all you pretty fair maids that pain would
maria'd be, tis come and be advised, and take it word
from me, the advice that I would give you it tis
as well as I can, it tis how to answer handsomly
a question by a man. Although I am a noble hero
man of courage bold and by these fair ladies I'll near
be controul'd. although I do love them as I love my
life, but if I cant get won to please my mind I'll
never have a wife, the first one I courted she
stod her own defence, she might er made out
quite well if ^{she} had but sence, but she was taught
in school of silence she new not how to speak, nor
how to answer handsomly a question by a man
the next one I courted she proved verry kind,
when I went to kifs her she give me too for one
and verry soon I quited her and wisd id never beget
the next one I courted she dressed verry fine twaw
in her gold and silver laces my true love she did skin
her skin was sunthing siled her cote was fringed
to the deal is in all my sweethearts their is none of
them that will do, I give me the girl that is neat
and genteel that bares a good carictor through

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Sittes and through feasts, that is nither to bacwar
to lazy or to bold, and when I meat with such a won
the price is near ben told, it diere to these fair
maids. since I must leav the shore and ventor
my life where lofty bilburs roar, & since I cant
git married & I can let it a lone exceeding well
I wish you all a health to every one. Amen

On the death

Tis don! behold the happy spirit soor;
To the blest realms where death shall be no more.
Where infants, save by Jesus, wondrous grace,
Every behold his Father's beauteous face.
Why weepest thou? the angels said to one;
Who mourned the death of Gods beloved son;
The words to thee may be repeated now,
Then tell me if thou canst: why weepest thou?
What if thy lord, mysterious as ghost,
Hes laid another infant in the dust;
What though he choost to take thy darling boy,
And disappoint again thy earthly joy,
Yet low in meekness to the gilded rod,
Scourging may bring thee neare to thy god.
Let this console thee, much repeated woes,

Thou hast a father whom thou canst not lose,
 A friend that closer than a brother keeps;
 A guide, a god, that "slumbers not, nor sleeps,
 Who from all things; in whom we live and move;
 Himself the fount of everlasting love!
 An elder Brother, also in the skies,
 Whose pleading vice for all his ransomed cries.

of Henry Bookiah; a Native of Owhyhee
 I sometime think about my poor soul, and that which
 god had done. I will cry unto god - "What shall I do to
 be saved?" I know that god is able to take away blind
 eyes and wicked hearts. We must be born again
 and has a new spirit before we die. As soon as we
 shall be dead, all we must stand before the judgment
 seat of Christ. Friends, perhaps you have not done
 any thing wicked, so that god can punish you. I hope you
 have not. - But if we are not his friends and followers
 he will cast us into hell, and we shall be there for
 ever and ever. I hope you will think upon all these
 things. Whilst at Andover Bookiah heard that one
 of his countrymen resided in the vicinity. He
 hastened to him and spent a part of the day with him
 and a night, in which they did not sleep. When he
 returned, a friend said to him "Well Henry What
 news from Owhyhee?" he replied, "I did not think

41

We have heard to day much good news from every
quarter of the country. A work of grace has been begun
in many places, and there are hundreds of hopeful converts
or newly born by the influence of the Holy Spirit.
O how great and how wonderful is the arm of the God!
reaching forth his hand to ~~the~~ sinners, and kindly
taking them in his bosom of love. But are there not
many sinners yet in the gall of bitterness and in bonds
of iniquity, rejecting the free offer of salvation? Are
not many opposers yet set against the truth of the
gospel of Jesus Christ? O when shall these never dying
souls find rest! It is very strange to me that so many
careless and stupid sinners never think or have any
concern for the worth of their immortal souls. O Lord I
intreat thee to look down with compassion upon such
dying sinners as are here in this land of the Gospel
light! O save them, O Lord God of Hosts, save
them! Glory the riches of thy free grace in making
them the heirs of thy holy kingdom. O glorious Jesus
thou Son of the most high, have mercy on the
never dying souls of men. thou canst do
the helpless sinners good; for all homage, honor,
glory, and worship are due to thee; the true promised
and Redeemer of the world. Thou canst work among

Sinners and none can hinder thee. O Lord save us
 or we perish. I am a sinner as well as others; I feel
 myself an unfruitful creature; and yet I choose the
 Lord Jesus for my everlasting portion. I have
 nothing of my own to recommend myself to his
 holy favour. All the present that I can make
 unto Jesus is myself. He seeks not mine, but
 me only. Last evening I attended a prayer
 meeting, and enjoyed great comfort to my soul.
 I thought how Christians all agree in their feelings
 toward each other, in lovely manner. I once thought
 while we were in the room, in such a little circle,
 and enjoyed ourselves in conversing after the manner
 of the flesh, how much happiness will be found at the
 great court of the Almighty, when all the
 children of God are gathered together, from the
 East and from west, and are set down in the
 kingdom of Heaven. What a happy time will it
 be for Christians! I have just returned from a
 visit to my friends. As I was walking through the
 woods I came to a house which stood at some distance
 from the town. As soon as I came near the house
 I found an old grey-headed man, next to the

road hoeing corn. I saw he was very aged man, and I⁴³
thought it was my duty to converse with him. I stood by
the fence and asked him whether he was well within also.
But he did not understand what I meant. This old man
was ninety years of age. he has lived in the world
without knowing God and hope in the world.
Immediately I went to the old man: and spoke
to him in a friendly manner, thus - My friend
said I to him, you are a stranger to me, and I write
you, and I see that your head is full of gay hair
and no doubt your days will soon be over. I know
that, said the aged man, "so every one has got to be
as I am." Well, said I, what do you think of the great
day of judgment? are you ready for that day. O, I don't
know, said he, I do sometimes think that I am to
fair off for that day." Why do you not now
begin to make your peace with God, before death
overtake you? said I to this old man; repent and
believe in the Son of God. But the old man seemed
to be very careless and stupid. I talked to him, but
he kept hoeing his corn: and I followed him to the
end of the field, pursuing my discourse. But he
seemed to be unwilling to hear me any further,
and I returned thanks to the allmighty God for

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the opportunity which I had with this poor old
man, and bid him farewell. O wretched sinners
will you come to the foot of the cross at this very
moment, and ask forgiveness of sins? Hark and
hear the voice of him that knocketh at the door
of every sinners heart! Behold I stand at the door
Christ the Savior is knocking saying, "open
to me my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled,
for my head is filled with dew and my locks with
the drops of the night." I cannot help weeping. My
tears are running down for joy to hear and see sinners
flocking to the Almighty Jehovah. O that all sinners
my come to Christ! (Think
Stop stop poor sinners stop and
Before you farther go:

Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe? ccc

O that we may stop and think where we are, and
upon what ground are we standing, whether it be
holy or whether it be unholy. or whether it be our
duty to do the will of God or not. we now live here
upon this earth, and how long we shall live we
know not. Death will soon overtake us, for we
are not far from it, my dear friends I intreat you.

By this friend a part of his observation and answers⁴⁵³
particularly within a few of the last days of his
Sickness, where committed to writing; and are as follows:
To one of his countrymen, as he entered the room in the
morning, after he had passed a night of suffering, he
said, "I almost died last night. It tis a good thing to be
sick, we must all die - and tis no matter where we are,
Being asked by another, "Are you afraid to die? he
answered, "No I am not." A friend said to him, I am
sorry to find you so verry sick" he replied, Let God
do as he please." Mrs. S. frequently enquired of him
if he would heare a few verses in the Bible, & yes!" was
his answer, tis good" and after a season of grate distress,
he broke out in an audible voice, and said, "If we put our
trust in God, we need not fear." frequently, when
free from pain, he inquired for some one to pray with
him; but often before he could be gratified, his pains
returned, and he forgot his request. the person whom
he most frequently called upon to pray with them
was his friend Thomas. They often prayed
together, alone - as they had don for years. In the language of
his female friend, Their souls appeared to knit together
like those of David and Jonathan. Henry always appeared
composed, and apperantly very happy, after a season of

the

my prayer with Thomas. In a season of fainting I left
the room for a moment, to get some water, returned
and found them weeping in great distress, supposing the
time of separation had now come. Upon his enquiring
of the Doctor, to whom he appeared greatly attached,
Mrs. S. said to him, "Henry do you depend on your

Physician?" Oh! you don't think said he, How much I
depend on the great Physician of the soul. He enquired,
Dose the Doctor say I shall get well? It was answered, He
thinks it is uncertain to which he said, God will do what
is right - God will take care of me." He observed to Mrs. S.

It is a fine pleasant morning! She said to him, You are
glad to see the light of the morning, after a dark distressing
night." He replied, Oh, "Some light in the night - some
light of God." After a season of distress for two hours
he appeared perfectly happy - he looked out of the
window - his eyes appeared fixed on some delightful object

I inquired of him "of what are you thinking Henry?"
Oh! I can't tell you all, said he, of Jesus Christ."

After sleeping for some time, he prayed very fervent
in these words, O Lord have mercy on my soul - Thou
knowest all my secret sins - Save me for the sake of
Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour - Amen. 66

He said to one of his countrymen, who had been a faith

nurse to him, "I must eat or I can't live," and then inquired of him with anxiety, "Have you eat breakfast, W?" "How 'ee?" thankful you ought to be that you have strength, and can eat." Soon he raised his hands and said, "Oh how I want to see W! But I think I never shall - God will do right - he knows what is best," and burst into a flood of wretched tears. W, if you live to go home, remember me to my Uncle. To dear H. he said, "I am thinking most of the time, how good God is - how kind to me," His companions were mentioned. He said, they are all very good; they have done a great deal for me. But they must be good for themselves too. He appeared very affectionate to all, especially his country men. He insisted on some one of them being with him continually; would call very earnestly for them if they were out of his sight; and would be satisfied only with this, that they were gone to eat or to rest." To one of them he said, "W? I thank you for all you have done for me; you have done a great deal; but you will not have to wait on me much more, I shall not live." To another, a very dear friend S, you have been very kind to me; I think of you often; I thank you; but I must die, and so must you. Think of God, never fail." To another, you must stay; perhaps I finish of this forenoon. How much God has done for me and for you! The day before he died, "after a distressing night and a bewildered

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state of mind, he appeared to have his countrymen might
be called." After they came in he enquired several times
for one of them who was absent, and for whom he had
no hope; and said, "I have not seen him much - I shall
see him - I want to talk to him." When then next had
seated themselves around his bed, he addressed them
most feelingly in his native language, as long as his ^{light} strength
would permit. As much of the address as could be recol-
lected was afterwards written in English by one of his
countrymen; and was essentially as follows: "My dear
countrymen; I wish to say something to you all - you have
been very kind to me - I feel my obligation to you - I
thank you. And now, dear friends, I must beseech you to
remember that you have got to follow me. Above all things,
make your peace with god - you must make Christ your
friend you are in a strange land - you have no father no ^{cer} mother
to take care of you when you are sick - but god will be
your friend if you put your trust in him - He has
raised up friends here, for you and for me - I have strong
faith in god - I am willing to die when the voice of my
Saviour call me hence - I am willing, if god design to take
me. But I cannot leave you without calling upon the
mercy of god to sanctify your souls and fit you for Heaven.
when we shall meet there we shall part no more. ^{cher}remember
my friends, that you are poor - it is by the mercy of
god that you have comfortable clothes, and that you are so
kindly supported. you must love god - I want to have
new

you make your peace with God. Can't you see how good God is
to you? God has done great deals for you and for me. Remember
that you have got to love God, or else you perish for ever.
God has given his Son to die for you - I want to have you love
God very much. I want to talk with you by and by my
strength fails - I can't now - I want to say more. This is
probably but a part of what was spoken, and that imperfectly
translated. The address, under the circumstances in which it was
made, was affecting beyond description. The weakness of
Bookiah, which was such that it was with difficulty that he
could utter an audible sound, the peculiarly affectionate and
earnest tones of his voice, occasionally faltering in death
his companions sitting around him, with broken hearts -
Some of them almost unable to support their grief - the
address being continued until his strength was entirely
exhausted - rendered the scene literally overwhelming -
Loud sobbing was heard throughout the room, and from
persons little accustomed even to weep. An hour or two
after this, when Bookiah had obtained a little rest, his
countrymen, who had been absent, during the address, coming
in he said to him to sit down G - I have been talking
with the other boys. They have been very kind to me.
I can't pay them - but the Lord gives has a enough
to spare - not money nor wine - He will reward them
You G -, as well as I are a poor boy - you have no father
nor mother here - God has given us good friends, and

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the you must love him and serve him G-; and when
we be departed here, we may praise god for ever.
We must all die. Doct. C. cannot save us when we are
sick unto death. You and I are sinners. May the Lord
Jesus have mercy on our poor souls. I must rest." To
a son of the Rev. Mr. J. who came to his bed side, and
after looking at him, was about to withdraw, he said, "Hut-
Hut- I wish to speak to you. P-, you have got
to be a great boy - you have been to school a great deal.
Remember you will be examined at the day of judgment
for your improvement." To friend he said, My faith
holds out." To another, How soon shall I be taken away?
It was answered, pretty soon." He was asked, If you had
could have your choice, would you choose to live or to die?
He replied, I do not know; I wish to live to do good; if it
were not for that I do not wish to live another moment.
To another friend, he said, I have no desire to live, if
I can enjoy the presence of God, and go where Christ is.
He then shook hands with all his companions present, and
with perfect composure addressed to them their parting
salutations in his native language, "Alloahve. - My love
be with you. But a few minutes before he breathed
his last, his Physician said to him, How do you feel
now Henry? He answered, Very well - I am not
sick - I have no pain - feel well." The expression
of his countenance was that of perfect peace. He now
seemed a little revived, and lay in a composed and quiet

state for several minutes. Most of those who were present, not apprehending an immediate change, had seated themselves by the fire. No alarm was given, until one of his countrymen who was standing by his bed-side, exclaimed, "Shachiah is gone." All sprang to the bed. The Spirit had departed but a smile, such as none present had ever beheld - an expression of the final triumph of his soul, remained upon his countenance.

Consider all my Sorrows, Lord, Tho' they seem severe;	And thy deliverance send,	The sharpest sufferings I endure	From thy faithful care.
My soul for thy salvation faints:	When will my troubles end;	Before I knew thy chastening rod,	My feet were apt to stray;
Yet I have found 'tis good for me,	To bear my father's rod	But now I learn to keep thy word,	And not to wander from thy way.
And live upon my God.	This is the comfort I enjoy	When new distress begins:	I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.	Had not thy word been my delight,	When earthly joys were fled,	My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.	I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,	And the bright harvest	Thy mercy gives, the

the Come holy Spirit hear my dove With all its heavenly charms
m With all thy quickning power. This stubborn this rebellious thing
n Kindle a flame of sacred love Would thrust it from my arms.
n In these cold hearts of ours. Against the thunders of thy word
n Look how we grovel here below Rebelious I have stood I write
Dread of these trifling toys. My heart it shakes not at the
G Our souls can neither fly nor go And terrors of a god. mine
Ca To reach eternal joys. Dear Saviour steep this rock of
to In vain we tune our formal songs In thine own crimson sea
of In vain we strive to rise Can melt the flint away.
the Hosannas languish on our tongue. The greatness of god
the And our devotion dies. Long as I live I, H. bless thy name
L Dear Lord and shall we ever live My king my god of love
At this poor dying rate. My work and joy shall be the same
fe Our love so faint so cold to thee In the bright world above.
m And thine to us so grate. Great is the Lord his power unknown
c My heart how dread hard it is And let his praise be great
Flow heavy here it lies
Heavy and cold within my breast I'll sing the honors of thy throne
Just like a rock of ice Thy works of grace repeat.
C Sin like a grin-tirent sits Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue
up Upon this flinty throne And while my lips rejoice
ho And every grace lies buried deep The men who hear my sacred song
de Beneath this heart of stone. Shall join their cheerful voice.
up Flow seldom do I rise to God To God the father God the son
k Or taste the joy above And God the Spirit three in one
This mountain presses down my faith Be honor praise and glory
And chills my flaming love. By all in earth and all in heaven
When smiling mercy courts my soul To God the Spirit praise
With all our powers,

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"whykee?" He replied, "I did not think of whykee?"
"I had so much to say about Jesus Christ."

Henry had now become diligent in studying the
Scriptures, and made rapid progress in religious knowledge.
The two following letters, written at Andover, are taken
from the "Narrative of Heathen youth." they were
exactly copied from the original with a few corrections
in the punctuation." Andover, Dec. 13, 1812.

Dear Christian Friend,

I improve this opportunity to write to you. And
I saw your beloved book which you sent by Mr. A.
and that I very much thank you for it. I am great
joy to god to give me such a good friend in this land
where we hear the words of god - god is kind to us and
to the other - that is to every body else. God will carry
through his work for us. I do not know what will
god do with my poor soul. I shal go before god and
also both Christ. We must all try to get forward
where God wish us to do. God is able to save sinners
if we have some feeling in him. Is very grate thing
to have hope in him, and do all the Christian graces.
I hope the lord will send the gospel to the Heathen
land where the words of the Saviour never yet
had been. Poor people worship the wood and stone
and Shark, and almost every thing their gods; the

Bible is not theirs, and Heaven and Hell they do not know about it. I yet in this country and no father and no mother. But God is friend if I will do his will and not my own will." - Andover Jan. 27, 1813. -

Very dear Christian friends, ever
I improve this opportunity to write to you a letter. I received your two letters and I had broken the seal of both of them, and I have read those sweet words that make my poor and wicked heart feel cold as like cold water. O Lord how long shall I continue in my own sins? O Lord will thou hear my secret prayer.

Dear Sir, I hope your prayer for the poor and blind immortal souls will be heard. I thank you to pray for me beside my own prayer. Pray to God that he might pour down his holy Spirit upon all our souls. I do not know what will become of my poor soul, when my time is come hereafter.

But in my own feeling I wish his will, and I am willing that God do what he please for my poor soul. - That are sweet things in this world Sinners like better than their own souls which are going down to the bottomless pit. O how wicked and sinful are we. How shall we go the path of life and of his truth, and to be with him in heaven. No way at all; only we must give away ourselves

to him and leave all our sins behind. Some think they know not how to pray; but they ought to know for Christ hath taught us. O my friend, what is our ^{word} rule? Is not the word of god, which is contained in the scriptures of the old and new testament? Certainly it is. But we are apt to hate to put away sins, for they are sweeter than the grace of god. O my dear friend let us continue in the hope of the glory of our redeemer, with true hearts in full assurance of faith. Cease not to pray for the fatherless as I am. O what a wonderful thing it is that the hand of the divine providence has brought me here, from that heathenish darkness where the light of divine truth never had been. And here have I found the name of the lord Jesus in the Holy Scriptures; and have read that his blood was shed for many. And I remember his own words which he said, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." I have had this morning a solemn visit from two young gentlemen, who were of the most pious and amiable characters. Their conversation were sweet to my soul. They continued with me in my room during the space of two hours; then we prayed together. Soon they bid me farewell and went. I then returned into my retirement and offered up conversation. I prayed with a free and thankful heart. O what a glorious time it was! I never

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prayed to God with so full view of God's goodness
as I did then. It seemed as if God was teaching my
wicked heart how to pray. I felt so easy that I could
not help crying Lord Lord increase my faith.
O that I might continue thus for several days, and
wax in my heart that I may not enter into
temptation and snare of the Devil. But O may
they not be as those hearers who hear the words
and after all hide them from their hearts. as I
do fear there are many. I do doubt but many
young people attend frequently such meetings,
for the purpose of seeing others: their looks, dress &c
by these their minds are drawn away. O how
many thoughtless and careless are there in the
world! Sinners, you live devoid of peace,
A thousand stings within your
breast, Deprive your souls of
To day is my first year since I made a profession
of religion. I set apart this this day for prayer
and returning thanks to God for his wonderful
grace and kindness towards me as a lost sinner.
Though how little have I done towards him!
Shall I live to see the end of another year? Lord,
increase my faith.

A Contrast

57

<p>I always did intend Single my life to spend It much delighteth me To live from all others free at suiter to my mind I never expect to find A lonely life to live My mind I freely give</p>	<p>To take to me a mate Would grieve me to relate To think of hymens chain Would give me grief and pain The joy I do express So great in singleness I never could agree Erely to married be</p>
---	---

A Weeks work

My Wife she died last saturday night,
I buried her on Sunday;
I courted another when going from Church,
And married again on Monday,
On Tuesday after I stole a horse,
On Wednesday was apprehended,
On Thursday I in prison was cast,
And to morrow the week will be ended.

A deandry's request for the Snuffers
Please Miss extend ^{to} me those ignorant diges which
defalcate the excrescioan of this nehtural
Silendrick luminary.

A Single Life.

I'm weary of a single life,
 I really wish I had a wife;
 My years consume in care and pain;
 And nature proves I live in vain.
 I've lived so long thro' doubt and fear,
 The girls fly me like a deer -
 And when I ask a pretty maid,
 If she of woodcock is afraid;
 Or if I ask a rosy miss,
 If she will grant me but a kiss,
 Or Sally, will you be my bride?
 She laughs as if she'd break her side.
 Good lord must I endure such scorn,
 I wish I never had been born,
 Or I had shund this deadly woe,
 By wedding twenty years ago.
 But well, tho' many do reile me,
 I'm not the same I used to be!
 My beard is long my head is grey;
 My eyes are sore, my teeth decay;
 My shirt is dirty and much worn,

My coat is ~~worn~~ my small cloths torn,
My shoes, alas! they have no soles,
My stockings have five hundred holes,
And all these woes I'lls of life
Are owing to my want - a wife!
Please god I live and tarry here,
I will have ~~one~~ before a year;
But should I unsuccessful prove
In all the fond intrigues of love -
Should they despise me and my wealth,
I'll buy a gun and shoot myself.

To Hope

Oh woe is me from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow.
Yet stil sweet Hope I hear the say
Be calm thine ill's will end to morrow
The morrow come but brings to me
No charm disease or hope relieaving
And am I ever doomed to see
Sweet hope thy promises deceeving
Yet false and cruel as thou art

Thy dear delusions will I cherish
I can not dare not with the part
Since I alas; with the must perish.

February, the man born in this month will love
money much but idleness more he will be stingy
at home but prodigal abroad. The lady will be
a humane a affectionate wife and a tender
mother. March, The man born in this month will
be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent
but he will die poor. - The lady will be a jealous
coquette something given to fighting and in
age love the bottle. - May, the man born in
month will be handsome and amiable. and make his wife
happy. The lady will be equally blessed in every respect.
October. - the man born in this month will
a handsome face and red complexion he will be wicked
in his youth he will promise one thing and do another
and the lady will be pretty, a given to coquetry a
coquetish and sometimes a little too fond of talking.
She will have three husbands who will die of great
she will best know why.

Then the dead bodies soon were laid,
In the cold, ^{and silent} grave as it is said,
And since it is so we will leave them here
Till at the judgment they appear.

These bodies now are in the grave,
We hope that Christ their souls will save,
May this a warning be to all,
Who do despair on God to call.

Exhortation to Prayer.

What various hidden woes we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the wrath of prayer,
But wish to be often there?
Prayer makes the dark red cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Haste you no words? Ah! think again,
Let words flow apace where you complain,
And tell your fellow creatures ear

What various hidden woes
we meet in coming to
a mercy seat
Satan
Satan
Satan

With the sad tale of all you care.
Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heav'n in application sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."
* *James V. 13. + Psalm XXXIV. 16.*

A NEW HYMN. On the Sufferings of Christ.

The Son of Man they did betray ---
He was condemn'd and led away ---
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on Mount Calvary.
Behold him lamblike led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God thy hung
Upon the Shameful tree.

'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain:
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks weare broke,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.

Now, hung between the earth and skies
Behold in agonies he dies!

Oh, sinner! hear his mournful cries;

Come see his torturing pain.

The morning sun withdrew her light

Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;

The azure cloth'd in robes of night...

All nature mourn'd and stood affright.

When Christ the Lord was slain.

Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!

He cries for help, but oh there none.

He treads the wine-press all alone.

His garments stain'd with blood.

In lamentations heave him cry,

Eli lama sabachthani;

Tho' death may close his languid eyes,

He soon will mount the upper skies,

The conquering Son of God.

The Jews and Romans in a band,

With hearts like steel around him stand,

And mocking say, come save the land---

Come, try thyself to free.

A soldier pierc'd him when he died

Then healing streams came from his side.

And thus my Lord was crucified,


Stern justice now is satisfied,

Sinners for you and me.

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Behold he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud Hosannas tell,
Though he endured exquisite pains,
He led the monster Death in chains;
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He's conquer'd death and hell.

'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid ---
The great atonement now is made ---
Sinners on him your guilt was laid ---
For you he spilt his blood:
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
The height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

All glory be to God on high,
Who sits enthron'd above the sky
Who sent his son to bleed and die;
Glory to him be given.
While Heaven above his praise resounds
Oh Lion, sing, his grace abounds,
I hope to to shout eternal sounds
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in Heaven.



HYMNS.

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Off as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"
Only this frail and fleeting breath
Deserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it falls, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must here the judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

But could I hear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art forever doom'd to dwell."

Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
To save'd from guilt I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

Rather my spirit would rejoice,
How long, and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven thy work mine.

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
O! may we all remember well,
The night of Death draws near.
We lay our garments by
Upon the bed to reach
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we hear possess.

Lord keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears,
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
To view the unwearied Sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O! may we in thy bosom rest
The bosom of thy Love.

~~Edw. Cady~~ Cady of Canton
the County of Washington and the
State of New York. wrote this
26th of January A.D. 1820. in the
18 year of her age. Amen.

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A MINISTER'S ADVICE TO A

YOUNG LADY

Thy winning grace will lose its power to charm,
Thy smile to vanquish, and thy breast to warm
The reign of beauty, like the blooming flower,
Is but the pride and pagant of an hour;
To day its sweet perfume the ambient air
To morrow sees it shrunk, nor longer fair;
Such the extent of all external sway;
At best, the glory of a short liv'd day;
Then let the mind your noblest care engage;
Its beauties last beyond the flight of age;
Its mental charms protract each dying grace,
And renovate the bloom that deck'd the beautiful face.

Let every virtue reign within thy breast,
That Heaven appears, or makes its owner blest;
To candour, truth and charity divine,
The modest decent, lovely virtues join:
Let wit, well temper'd meet with sense refine,
And every thought express the polish'd mind:
To mine above the meanness of deceit;
Of honour pure in conscious virtue great;
In every thing that keeps one steady aim,
And feels that joy and virtue are the same.
And O! let prudence o'er each thought preside,
Direct in public, and in private guide;

Teach thee the snares of artifice to shun,
And know, not feel, how others were undone;
Teach thee to tell the flatterer from the friend,
And those who love, from those who but pretend.*

* Ladies can never too cautiously shun hypocrisy in
love as the bane of female innocence and virtue.

N^o never let flattery tempt you to believe;
For man is false, and flatteries to deceive;
Adores those charms his falsehood would disdain,
And laughs at confidence he strive to gain,
And if delight your bosom ever would taste,
O shun the viscious, dread the faithless breast!
Infection breathes, where'er they take their way,
And weeping innocence becomes a prey:
The slightest blasts, a females bliss destroy,
And taint the source of all her sweetest joy;
Kill every blossom, over run each flower,
And wrest from beauty all its charming power.
The dying bud may burst to life again,
And herbs overspread the snow-invested plain,
Green leaves may clothe thy wintry widow trees,
And where frost nipt, may fan the western breeze:
"But beautiful woman no redemption knows."
The wounds of honour time can never close,
Her virtue sunk, to light can never rise,
Nor lustre beam from once guilt clouded eyes.
Fix'd be thy mind, those pleasures to pursue,
That reason points as permanent and true.

68

POLLY GOULD

Give ear to me, ye sons of men,
Why stand you gazing round my bed?
You all must die the Lord knows when,
And lie amongst the silent dead.
Though now in health, you all must die,
And turn to dust, as well as I.

When from my makers hand I came,
The seed of sin in me were sown,
Which will dissolve this mortal frame,
Soon as the blood of life is blown.
Behold me on a dying bed,
Forget me not, when I am dead.

The seeds of grace have since been sown,
And rooted well within my soul;
Which being ripe and fully grown,
How sweetly on my minutes roll,
Come welcome death and set me free,
My saviour's face I long to see.

Farewell my Father kind and dear,
I wish you well with all my heart;
Farewell my Mother fond and near,
Though you and I must shortly part;
My Jesus calls me and I go,
And leave all earthly things below.

Farewell my brothers young and old:
Farewell my little Sisters too,
My cheeks are pale my hands are cold,

And I must bid you all adieu!
My days are spent my race is run;
Remember me when dead and gone.

69

Farewell my young companions all,
From death arrests no age is free:
Remember this for warning calls,
Prepare to follow after me.
The wise the foolish and the brave,
Must try the cold and silent grave.

Farewell my neighbors kind and free,
The happy hours is hastening on,
When you will say concerning,
That Polly Gould is dead and gone!
The like will soon be said of you.
The ways of virtue then pursue.

Adieu to all things hear below,
My treasure is above the sky;
My Saviour calls and I will go,
And take possession by and by.
Dear Jesus come delay no more,
I long to reach thy peaceful shore.

How like the fleeting wind away
Whole years of joy depart:

But, Oh! how slowly does one day
Move to the mournful heart!

on sitting down to meals.

When at my meal I take my seat,
My thoughts to Heaven I raise;
That I may favour'd be to eat
With gratitude and praise.

This grateful sense of bounteous good,
Such humble feelings spread,
That while I eat my outward food,
My soul has heavenly bread.

70.
FARWELL HYMN

On the death of miss Polly Gould of
The eight first verses personate the deceased
The other an answer from her true love.

Now she is dead and cannot stir
Her cheeks are like fading rose
Which of us next will follow her
The Lord almighty only knows
But this you know as well as I
That we are born to die.

Cease my beloved to complain
Her soul is born of heavenly birth
The dust returns to dust again
Her voice is heard no more on earth
But her immortal soul is gone
To put eternal glory on.

Remember this ye mourning friends
Your loss is her eternal gain
With her all sin and sorrow ends
Then cease to murmur or complain
Her wearied soul is gon to rest,
Where sin and Satan can't molest.

The great creator wise and true
Has an undoubted right to reign
He made and lent her unto you
Till he should call for her again
He hath A right to take her own

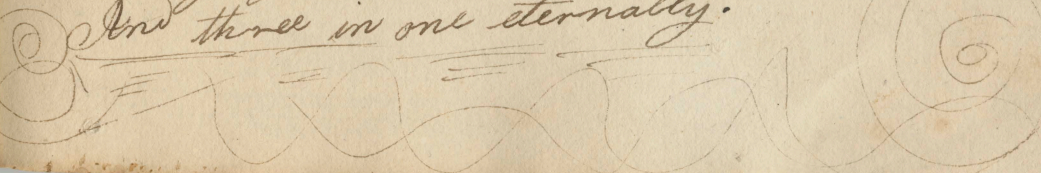
641/ 14
71
Oprase him for his blessed loan.

She was A blessing here below
A lovely kind and pleasant child
Her soul now freed from sin and woe
Will serve its make undefiled
Her sleeping dust shall rest in peace
Till sun and moon their courses cease.

How sweet and pleasant was the sound
That trilled upon her mortal tongue
Now she is gone where joys abound
And songs of nobler are sung
Where peace and love & concord reigns
And christ the Judge his throne maintains.

Rejoice ye mourners here below
That she is gone to worlds above
Yet mourn your loss in parting so
Soon she was worthy of your love
Rejoice with grief and mourn with joy
While solumn the your minds employd.

Who can desern the joys of heaven
Or comprehend the lord of host
May honor mighty and praise be given
To fath son and holy gost
All glory to the one in three
And three in one eternally.



FALSE LADY

Now our anchors they are weighing,
 Polly I have come to take my leave
 For I am a going a long time to tarry,
 And so my charming girl do not grieve.

She leant her head on her loves shoulder,
 Tears from her eyes run trickling down
 She cries alas how can you go and leave me?
 Since I have ben your true love so long.

O don't you remember that promise you made me
 That you would come and marry me,
 The wedding day the day you appointed,
 You will be sailing far from me.

The pines a people the lilly is yellow
 The pinks as sweet in the month of June,
 The roses red the velots blue,
 The day is past that I love by you.

As I sat singing in my chamber all alone
 No one come for to here me
 But all my thoughts and all my study,
 Was about the man that was gon to see.

Oh! that I would see him a coming,
 With his read rosy cheeks and sparkling
 Eye with great joy I would reciev him
 That an earthly king from high.

4 Testimony concerning Hannah Tucker, Wife of Daniel
Tucker, who departed this life at Queensbury
the 27th of 2^m: 1805. 73.

Preserved by some of the surviving Relation.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: from
henceforth you saith the Spirit that they may rest from
their Labours and their works do follow them. Rev. 14-13

She was the Daughter of Samuel and Mary Deen
formerly of West Chester County, State of New York
and was from her Childhood much inclined to reading
the Holy Scriptures and other good Book, and loved
retirement, and often when she took a book to read
would go alone, that she might without interruption be
dip'd into a sense of what she read. - And as she grew up,
she loved to go to Meeting, and was a dutiful Child to
her Father, her Mother dying when she was about six
years old; She was of a quiet disposition, a lover of
peace at home and abroad. We believe it may be truly
said of her, that she was a pattern of humility and
patience, and seemed to be clothed therewith as with
Garment; and not only in the time of her last ill-

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(which appeared to be a Consumption, with which she was
confined to her Bed about Six weeks) but though verry dis-
probations and afflicting vicissitudes in life, with which she
for several years had ben tried, and which she endured
with such exemplary patience and fortitude of mind as
conspicuously evident that she experienced Divine and
Supernatural support. In the time of her sickness, in
discoursing with her Sister respecting her own exercised life,
said, that she had often thought of some of the last words
David, signifying that they appeared to be applicable to her
own state, and that she could adopt the language: "And
at ~~that~~ another time expressed that she was sensible
that the Lord had ben with her in many close trials,
which she was humbly thankful for; and several
times expressed that it had ben her fervent ^{ent}engagem^{ent}
that she might be favoured fully to witness true patience
and resignation of mine, and her desire was verry evident and fully
granted that her countenance appeared pleasant and composed

when in severe pain of body, and was not heard to groan (that we
 remember) when awake, but frequently when asleep. — A near
 friend coming to see her, she held her by the hand saying, thou
 seemest very near to me, and it has often been a strength to me
 when I have seen thee at Meetings thy Countenance being
 solid without a smile, and added, I mention this for thy
 encouragement. We are very sensible that she had been often
 burdened by seeing too much lightness in some friends after
 Meeting, as she at one time remarked, that she had been
 exercised lest Friends should sustain a loss by entering into
 too much conversation at the Meeting-house, which practice it
 was observed she carefully avoided. — In the time of her illness
 she expressed that the state of the New Jerusalem had been
 clearly opened to her view; and how pure those must be who
 are the Inhabitants thereof; no bitterness, no malice, no
 envying nor strife but all must be clean and pure and signify
 her desire that Friends might be faithful and keep in the unity. —
 When asked by those who came to see her, how she did, frequently
 replied, Nature seems to be struggling hard with the disorder.
 And at one time when lying very still and quiet with a sweet

composure of Countenance, evidencing the serenity of her mind being asked how she felt. answering, I feel nothing but peace. Her Sister speaking to her one day something respecting her Children (who were all small) she replied, I have given them all up, believing there is an Over-ruling Power that will take care of them. — Her Sister when about to go home observed, that she had not perceived much alteration for nearly a week past to which She calmly returned, do not flatter me, for I suppose it would be as hard for me to think of getting well as ever it was to give up to go. And when her Sister returned and asked her how she did, she answered, I feel nothing to disturb, I feel nothing but peace. —

The evening but one before she departed lying still a considerable time, She with a raised voice uttered these words, "Blessed" are ye when Men shall revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." More she uttered, but her voice was so low as could not be distinctly understood, although it did not appear that she spoke it to any one present, but it appeared that she ~~so~~ fully partook of that blessing which caused her to break forth in those expressions. —

77

*I stand heard and am prepared to take
if you be so what a great fool at B) S* Company*

Concerning our deceased Friend ^{and} Elder William Baker who departed this Life the 1st day of the 5^m: 1790. He was a Member of this Meeting ten years and upwards, during which time his steady Conduct amongst his friends and Neighbours, gained the good esteem of both as ^{of} us can testify, he being a tender and Exemplary Father to his family, full of Affection to his poor Neighbours, which he manifested by often relieving them in their distresses a very honest Man in his dealings; faithfully concerned for the prosperity of our Lion, a tender friend, and we believe a Israelite indeed, whose Company and discourse was truly Edifying both at home and abroad, as some of us can well remember, having had the opportunity of travelling with him at divers times within the verge of this yearly Meeting on Truths Service, in which he was very useful. he being a Peace Maker in truth, labouring for it in himself and others. His Sickness was short, not above eight days, his Death much lamented by those that were acquainted with him; but we trust that our loss is his great Gain; nothing doubting but that he now enjoys a Reward layd up for the Righteous. Aged about 54 years and 4 months.

79

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

I'm lonesome since I crost the hills,
And o'er the moor thick & sedgey,
Such heavy thoughts my mind doth fill,
Since parting from my Sally.
I search for one that's fine and gay,
And several doth remind me,
Bless be the hour I past away,
With the girl I left behind me.

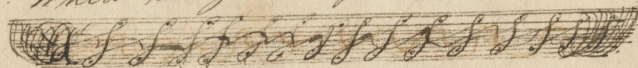
The hours I do remember well,
When constancy reminds me,
A pain within my breast I feel,
When first she own'd she lov'd me;
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp,
Kind heaven then pray guide me,
And send me back safe home again,
To the girl I left behind me.

I'd tune my lays to sing her praise,
Had I the tongue of Homer,
With compliments most elegant
I'd recompence my lover.
So let the night be ever so dark,
Or ever so wet or windy,
I will return safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hairs in ringlets were,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,

Her slender waist, her carriage shining,
 She left, the swain repining;
 Ye gods above, pray heave my prayer,
 The beauteous fair who bids me,
 And send me safe back home again,
 So the girl I left behind me.

The bee shall larish, make no store,
 The dove become a ranger,
 The falling waters cease to roar,
 Whene'er I mean to change her;
 If ever I return that way,
 And she has not declined me,
 I'll reconcile myself and stay,
 With the girl I left behind me.



Lines By Camoens

O weep not thus - we both shall know, ^{Which hovered round in vain}
 Ere long a happy doom; ^{Scared by the phantom of distress,}
 There is a place of rest below, ^{I flew back to his}
 Where thou and I shall surely go,
 And sweetly sleep, released from woe,
 Within the tomb.
 My cradle was the couch of care,
 One sorrow rocked me in it;
 Late seemed her saddest robe to wear,
 For I was made in joys despite,
 On the first day that saw me there,
 And meant for misery's glove;
 And all my hours of bright delight
 Were darkly shadowed with despair,
 Fled like the speedy winds of night,
 Which soon shall wheel their
 My earliest minute, ^{across my grave!}
 Even then the griefs I now possess,
 As natal boons were given,
 And the fair forms of happiness

The Young Mans Dream.

Last night I dream'd I lay most easy,
 Down by one murmuring river side,
 Where the lovely banks were spread with daisies,
 And the silver streams did gently glide:
 It was all ~~to~~ around me, and quite over,
 The spreading branches were display'd;
 Interwoven in due order,
 And soon became a pleasant shade.

In thos raptures of delusion,
 Lull'd in slumber and sweet ease,
 I thought I saw my lovely Susan
 Amidst the green and shady trees:
 Her tempting traces my joy increases,
 Whilst her hair hung dangling down,
 Her snow white breast was almost naked,
 Which might engage a monarch's crown.

Then she sat down and turn'd her spinnet,
 Which made the valley, echo round,
 It awoke the early lark and linnet,
 Each in concern join'd the sound;

The moon gave light, I could discern her,
 How my goddess mov'd a long,
 Whilst my fare one sweetly sung.

You gentle shade of night convey me
 To Adonious, my sweet joy,
 You gods and goddesses pray guide me
 To my deare and darling boy:
 You noisy winds give overblowing,
 Cease a while that I may heare
 If sweet Adonious be a roving
 Through the groves or vallies near.

Oh! then I fancied she drew near me,
 With a gentle moving air;
 By her countenance she seem'd to fear me—
 She soon repented she'd come:—
 I quickly rose and gently seiz'd her,
 And in haste bore her away;
 Down in your harbor where we lay.

She soon reviv'd her sense and said, sir,
 Oh! you'll kill me, I am undone—
 Oh! will you hurt a harmless maiden;
 Pray let me go for I must be gone—
 Then in my arms, with amorous kisses,
 I cast the sobbing dame;
 But, in the height of all my blisses,
 I awoke and found it was a dream.

A Horse.

A horse, long used to bit and bridle;
But always much disposed to idle,
Often wished that he was able

To steal unnoticed from the stable.

He panted from his inmost soul
To be at nobodys controul,
Go his own pace slower or faster,
In short do nothing, like his master.

But he had never got at large,
If John, who had him in his charge,
Had not, as many have before,
Forgot to shut the stable door.

Dobin, with expectation swelling,
Arose to quit his present dwelling,
But first peeped forth with cautious fear,
To examine if the coast was clear.

At length he ventured from his station
And with extreme self approbation,
As if delivered from a load,
He galloped to the public road.

And there he stood awhile debating,
Till he was almost tired of waiting,
Which way he would choose to bend his course
As there was now no one to force.

At length unchecked by bit or rein,
 He sauntered down a pleasant plain;
 And neighed forth many a jocund song
 In triumph as he passed along.

But when dark night began to appear,
 In vain he sought a shelter near;
 And he was sure he could not bear
 To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt very damp and raw,
 Much colder than his master's straw;
 Yet on it he was forced to stretch;
 A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark the country hilly,
 Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly.

Soon as the day began to dawn,
 Dobbin, with long and wery yawn,
 Arose from this his sleepless night,
 But in low spirits and bad plight.

Says he if this is all I get,
 To bed unwelcome, cold and wet,
 And thus felloren about to roam,
 I think I better be at home.

It was long ere Dobbin could decide,
 Between his wishes and his pride,
 Whither to live in all this danger,
 Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At length his struggling pride gave away,
 The thought of savory oats and hay
 To hungry stomach was a reason

Unanswerable at that season.

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So off he sets with looks profound,
Quite glad that he was home-ward bound
And trotting fast, as he was able,
He soon regained his master's stable.
Now Dobbin, after this disaster,
Never more forsook his master,
Convinced 'twas best to let him mount
And travel on his own account.

To Hope.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow;
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow.
The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or hope relieving!
And am I ever doomed to see
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?
Yet false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since I, alas! with thee must perish.

Phoebe Cddy was born ⁱⁿ Easton the County
of Washington and the State of New
York the 8th day of December and now in
the 18th year of her age. AD 1820.

Recd. to Bonne Thorneverse

"Poor Bonnet at noon when just rising from bed,"

Was caught by his aunt, who a homily read

On the duties of man in this stage of probation

And winds it up thus with more or less application:

"You'll shorten your days by these sinful delights."

"True," Bonnet replied, "but will I lengthen my nights."

Edgewood.

A Curious Love Letter

Madam

Most worthy of estimation
After a long deliberation
And much consideration
Of the great reputation
You possess in the nation
I have a strong inclination
To become your relation
On your approbation
Of this declaration

I shall make preparation
To remove my situation
To a more convenient station
Possess my admiration
And if such oblation

Is worthy of observation
And can obtain commiseration
It will be an aggrandizement
Beyond all calculation
Of the joy and exultation.

“Stop poor sinners, stop and think
Before you farther go!

Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?”

“When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?”

Ans.

Sir

I perused your oration
With much deliberation
And a little consternation
At the infatuation
Of your weak imagination
To show such veneration
On so slight a foundation
But after examination
And serious contemplation
I suppose your animation
Was the fruit of recreation
Or had sprung from ostentation
To display your education
By a add enumeration
Or rather multiplication
Of words of the same termination
Though of great variation
In each respective signification
Now without disputation
Your laborious application
To so tedious an occupation
Deserves commendation
And thinking imitation
A sufficient gratification
I am without hesitation
Yours.

Advice to a Young Friend on her Marriage.

Let not my friend though now a wife
Bid all her cares adieu
Comforts there are in married life
And there are crosses too

I do not wish to mar your mirth
With an ungrateful sound
But know that perfect bliss on earth
No mortal ever found,

Your prospects and your hopes are great
May God those hopes fulfil:
Yet you will find in every state
Some difficulty still.

The rites which lately join'd your hands,
Cannot ensure content:
Religion forming the strongest bands,
And love the best cement:

But yet God's daily blessing crave,
Nor trust your youthful heart;
You must divine assistance have,
To act a prudent part.

Tho you have left a part to wing,
Still long asks its care:

W. Mayr
Boston

It is but seldom husbands bring,
A lighter yoke for we.

They have their humors and their faults
So mutable is man:

Excuse his foibles in your thoughts,
And hide them if you can.

No anger or resentment keeps
Whatever is amiss:

Be reconcil'd before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

~~What is the blooming tincture of the skin~~
What is the blooming tincture of the skin
So peace of mind and harmony within;
What is the bright sparkling of the eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply;
Can comeliness of form or shape or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare,
No those at first, the unwary heart may gain,
But these these only can the heart retain.

Cruel Blue Bird being dead By the rich ear
And those lovers in his stead Guilt may leave
Time goes merrily along (sings) Naught but
For a dancier and then a song
For whenever true loves come
Joy and pleasure will abound.
By the poor around they're lost

The Maids^m Choice.

Never I'm doom'd the Marriage band to wear,
 Kind heaven pray, I care a Virgin pray,
 May the best man I'm destin'd to obey,
 Will kindly govern by his gentle sway
 If good sense improve my better thoughts,
 If good natured smile on all my faults,
 Take vice to be his mortal foe,
 May every virtue his best friendship know.
 Still let me find possess'd of the dear youth
 The best of manners and sincerest truth,
 Unblemish'd be his honour, and his fame,
 And let his actions merit his good name.
 I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
 For troubles on the wealthy wait,
 Be this my fate if e'er I'm made a wife,
 Or keep me happy in single life.

An Acrostic.

4

Ah thou fair maid wilt thou not pity me
 By Cupid's darts I'm wounded and by thee
 I pine and languish and endure the smart
 Give me but ease forborn thou hast my heart
 And if reluctantly still thou I
 Will seek for refuge near the Heavens my friend
 Long there I'll wander, none shall hear my groan
 So faintly there I'll meet my rigid fate
 I'll lay me down and dye all for thy sake
 Rather would I live if with the best
 Thine kindly hear me or I am forever curs'd.

May a sweet hour we have spent together
 And forget them shall I never

Revoke for the one friendly tear
 Yes my love to thee is most sincere
 And it grieves me to the heart
 Love to think that we must part
 Loving girl do not forget me

Ere we part we

No no I will assure I shall not thee.

Easton

Easton

Easton

Easton

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Elvira's fare well to her Custom friends
When far from their town I'm destined to trace
Leaving all that is dear in existence behind
In the friendships we've formed ^{of} my thoughts shall
And often return to my friends who were kind
Say dearest companions should fortune ^{you} care
Would a thought be bestowed on her that's away
Believe me my wish is that Heaven may bless
And you in return every blessing repay
Accept my dear friends my hearty love taken
No poor is the gift, yet oft let it tell
The sports and the visits, the last ^{and} word spoken
The world full of bliss ^{my} my friends have given

Secrets are the ^{best} E. L. Holding
That spent in play.

The coming shadow pass away

Beneath your poplar grove
Born about at my mother's door
She is so far she goes ^{you} of late and a flaring barag
Go chase you on the will prove true
Go chase you on the will march with you

M. C. F.
S. C. C.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING.

Holding the Pen, &c.

THE Pen should be held loosely betwixt the thumb and the two fore-fingers, nearly an inch from the point. The thumb should be placed about three quarters of an inch higher than the end of the middle finger, and bent outwards: so that in making a long full stroke, the nail may touch the barrel of the pen. The hand should rest entirely on the tip of the little finger, and the top of the pen point directly to the shoulder. The ring-finger should be laid upon the little one, and both drawn in towards the palm of the hand, so as not to touch the middle finger that assists in holding the pen.

Directions for Sitting, and laying the Paper.

THE Pupil when he writes, should be taught to sit perfectly easy: he should not sit awkwardly upright, nor stoop ungracefully. Too upright a position removes the eye too far from the paper; and stooping makes him extend his elbows too far, and throws his hand into an improper position for writing easily. His elbows ought now, however, to be confined too near his side, at this occasion an awkwardness in sitting, and makes him lay a stress upon the arm he writes with, which should be carefully avoided, because the more unconfined he keeps that arm, the more easily he writes.

The paper should be nearly parallel to the edge of the desk, and the pupil in order to slope his writing properly, ought to sit to the left side of it. But in writing the perpendicular hands, such as the print of *German Text*, he should sit directly opposite the paper on which he writes.

Directions for Writing.

THE Pupil should begin with making straight strokes, and continue at them till he can hold the pen properly, write them easily, slope them all alike, and make them all at equal distances. He should then practise the bottom, and after that the top turns; that is, an *z*, and the first part of an *n*. When he is master of these, he may join them together, and continue till he acquires the full use of his fingers, or, in other words, some command of the pen. He ought then to practise the *o*, and those letters of which it makes a part; afterwards proceed regularly through the alphabet, without joining the letters, till he has formed in his mind a just idea of them all, and can write them with facility. He may now practise words consisting mostly of *ms* and *es*, such as *command*, *mind*, *manners*, and the like, which will give him more freedom than any other. When he is master of these, he should learn to write such as consist wholly of bottom turns; which he will soon acquire, being much easier than the former. He should then frequently practise the letters *ph*, without lifting his pen; as these letters, from their nature and particular combination, give surprising freedom to the hand. All the small letters (some few excepted) ought to be the width of an *o* or an *n*, the cap-

itals double the size, and the stems or tails of the common letters in proportion to the capitals.

Having proceeded for some time as above directed, he may begin to copy words written upon a larger scale than ord may. In writing these, he should make the down strokes full and bold, the *urn* of his letters free and easy, and as similar to each other as possible, carefully avoiding corners; for, on the turns, the beauty and freedom of writing depends. He should be cautious not to make the hair-strokes quicker than the full-strokes; a bad habit, easily acquired, and which will always prevent him from writing correctly. When he can write large text pretty well, he should frequently write the capital letters, which will both increase the freedom of his hand, and improve his style. This accomplished, he may practise the Round Text; but should it a writing turn feeble by reducing it, and likely to turn into a wrong style, let him return to the large words and capital letters, and they will immediately correct it. When he is capable of writing tolerably well the different sets of copies already mentioned, and his hand is formed into a correct style, he may begin to learn a cursive hand, and to make the capital letters; a task in itself by no means difficult, if he attend to the following directions.

When the learner begins a cursive hand, he ought to practise on a single line, and hold the pen a little farther from the point than is mentioned before. He should likewise fix upon those words at first, that require the pen to be lifted very seldom. By attending to these for a short time, he will not only more sensibly learn to hold the hand, but insensibly learn to write a cursive hand, if he does not lift the pen oftener than is absolutely requisite; and, in order to write with the greatest ease, he should lay as little stress upon the first letter as possible, by which means he will learn to write, as he advances along the line, without raising a hair the paper. When his hand is in some degree formed into a free and easy style, proper for business, he should learn to write without lines, and as quick as he can keep the form of his letters exact.

After he can write with perfect ease such words as have already been described, he should copy some more consisting of several lines, such as bills of parcels, letters of business, promissory notes, &c. &c. which ought to be written in the most masterly manner.

In learning to stroke, the Pupil should hold the pen in the same manner as when he writes, only his hand must be lifted from the paper. He ought to begin with the down stroke of the *B*, or an oval, the easiest of all figures, and then proceed regularly through the alphabet, practising those letters most that are most difficult to execute. After he can strike the letter with accuracy and freedom, he may try such pairs of letters as please his fancy.